The Undergraduate.

VOL. VI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., FEBRUARY, 1881. NO. 5.

APOLLO BELVEDERE.

Supreme among a race of gods he stands,
His strong limbs strained and quivering with might,
His heart exulting as his foemen's bands
Before the dreadful ægis melt in flight.

So once he strode on red Scamander's plain
Breasting at Hector's side the storm of spears,
Perhaps in dreams he shakes the shield again
And, shouting, fills the Grecian host with fears,

Far-darting God of Homer, dost thou dream
That Time still wears a crown of sunny hair?
That dawn-faced Daphne sings by Peneus' stream,
And Dian routs the roebuck from his lair?

Know, shrineless god, that temples sink to dust;
Creeds moulder with the hearts that give them birth;
Time is a despot, and gods, even, must
Bow to his will like mortals of the earth.

Look close! the crowds that throng this belvedere
Are not gray-bearded elders laden well
With costly gifts, from Athens sent to hear
The fateful murmurs issue from thy cell.

No longer, now, they tremble as they stand
Before thy face, remembering Niobe;
Nor reverence thee, but him whose mortal hand
Gave thee the gift of immortality.

W. W. Gay, '76.

MORAL QUALIFICATION.

In a court of justice, he who can cite an unchallenged precedent, involving the principle for which he contends, has gone far toward gaining his case. The same is true of legislative bodies, and in general, a precedent to the contrary is a sufficient answer to a sweeping declaration of principle. We hear from the stump of the right of man, as man, to vote; that government has no right to place restrictions upon the free exercise of his will in choosing how he shall be governed, that all men are created free and epual, and must therefore remain equal as well as free forever. Aside from the manifest absurdity of the position, there lies the simple fact that a government, and I mean our own republican democratic government, has claimed and has exercised and does still exercise without challenge that right of restriction. Who objects to our requirements concerning naturalization? Only those who regret that they cannot have the control of all the ignorance in the community. We would not for a moment think of allowing a subject of another country to vote in this. We would not even permit one to at once turn from a government of Europe to ours, even though he be honest in his intention to cleave to his allegiance to the land of spread-eagleism. That is, our government has declared that any man between whom and this government certain relations exist, is not likely to act for the welfare of the country, and therefore shall not vote. This is not that grand, that inalienable, that divine right, which is the stock in trade of cheese box orators. That so-called right may be the Bucephalus on which the Alexexander of the sand lots or of New Orleans may ride, but Bucephalus is become a long-eared quadruped, remarkable only for his powers of reaction; and government has declared him unfit for service. Right to govern himself as he will? Yes, if that did not include the governing of others, and no man has a right to govern others unless it is presumable that his government will be for the general good—the general good is alike the principle of reason and the accepted policy of our government. The evil seeming first to call for restriction because the one to which attention in this respect is so often called, is ignorance. And admitting thus the right of restriction, we all would say

that he who cannot read a ballot should not cast one. We know that ignorance and liberty thrive not on the same soil; that the continental haunts of ignorance are the homes of despotism,—that to give the power to that ignorance is to combine the vices and eliminate the virtues of both democracy and despotism. And on that principle, Massachusetts, the torch-bearer of the nation, does deny suffrage to him who cannot read and write; and this, be it remembered, even though it may reach but a tithe of the existing evil. Is it not an argument most diaphanous—*in vulvo voce* "thin"—to claim that because a remedial measure cannot at once uproot *all* evil it should not be adopted? However little its good, if there be no equivalent evil, that little is so much gained—we are one step nearer the goal,—and that little may be the thin edge of the wedge. Imagine a man refusing the aid of this mechanical power because he could not drive the wedge in thick end first! Yet just that attitude is taken by not a few political "thank-you-marms," who by their very vacancy do somewhat avail to jar the sleigh of progress. We have a political Upas tree—not differing in species from those which are the banes of every land, and we go about lopping off here a limb and there a limb, and if that were all we could do,better, a thousand times better that than nothing. But it is not all we can do. Roots are spreading in every direction. Cut the roots where they appear, even though it be but one by one, and though the tree may not fall, its vigor must be impaired. Ignorance is but the instrument of evil, ever the tool of self-interest. Sir James Mackintosh says that "Liberty is security against wrong." Perfect liberty, then, must be ideal, for there cannot be absolute security against wrong while one not absolutely pure possesses the smallest power. But the direct way to secure liberty is to make men better, and to withdraw power from those who will not be made better. By the avowed principles of our government, he who is opposed to the interests our laws are designed to conserve ought not to vote for our laws. He who breaks law is opposed to the interests of that law, and he who breaks law should not vote. He who in any court of justice is more than a certain number of times convicted of transgressing the law should lose his suffrage; he who incurs a sentence or a number of sentences exceeding in amount a certain limit should lose his suffrage. The purifying influence of such a measure would be poorly expressed by the reduction of the polls. This looks only to evil existing, and it is not wholly confined to the common ranks. The penalty might well be affixed to the sentence of him in life whose impeachment shall be sustained. But preventive measures are more popular. No foreigner, and youth just donning the manly toga, should be allowed to vote without giving satisfactory evidence of having lived in obedience to the laws.

Yes, I know this would fall mainly upon the men in ordinary life, while neither provision would directly reach many an evil high life. But I never yet knew a man to build a very magnificent structure by beginning at the top of the chimney. I don't know that his house is any the less desirable because he must begin by shoveling away the common dirt. I don't know that he would show much wisdom if he should sit on a barrel, like Artemas Ward's "objeck, who wouldn't go to war," and say he'd be cussed if he'd build if he couldn't lay on the shingles first.

The morality at the polls is the foundation of morality in office. The denial of suffrage is virtual denial of eligibility to office; if no voter falls below a certain standard, no important officer can, and the higher the standard of the voters, the higher the standard they will require of their officers. And if we elevate the voters we will elevate the officers, as surely as the jack screws at the foundation will raise the roof. And it is time our government did something to resist the power of will, that changed Rome from a noble republic to an empire,—from a brilliant empire to a ruin.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Among the beautiful and noble characters that give animation and interest to history; that make devotion to country a pure and sublime virtue; that show what firmness and constancy in behalf of right will accomplish, even in the face of defeat and failure, the life struggle and death of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, has no parallel in the history of the past. In the darkest and most trying hours of the revolution our Washington was sometimes successful. Wallinstein often heard the shouts of his victorious army. William Tell perished, having first gained liberty for his people. Wellington rarely failed in battle. Grant had everything at his disposal; but William of Orange, with everything against him, with no victories to stimulate hopes, with no successes to reward patriotism and duty, with troops few in numbers and these often discouraged and disheartened by the continued reverses of fortune, yet struggled on and on in utter defiance of the most powerful and tyrannical empire then existing and stood unawed, unmoved under the very batteries of the Spanish Inquisition.

In early youth he drew his sword in defence of the lives and liberties of his people and wielded it with untiring energy during twenty years of agony and bloodshed, never again replacing it in its scabbard. Destiny had marked out for him a cause in which there was to be no rest, no peace, no victory until the bullet of the assassin should pierce his heart and usher him into his eternal repose.

It is wonderful, it is grand to see how much power man has in this world and what an influence a noble and determined soul has over inferior and smaller natures. Wellington once remarked that Napoleon's presence in the French army was equivalent to forty thousand additional soldiers. But what shall be said of the Prince of Orange who furnished courage for his whole army and bore the whole weight of one of the most unequal struggles ever recorded in history. He never dared to be disheartened or discouraged, for he knew that the moment his courage failed and his hopes were blasted, his country's cause was lost.

He rose majestically, triumphantly over disaster and defeat. In the midst of difficulties and impossibilities towering like mountains around him, barriers before which the ambitious hopes and selfish aims of a Napoleon would have withered and died away, he stood firm and invincible, often in the disastrous hour of defeat more heroic and grand than many a conqueror in the proud and triumphant hour of victory. Truly he was as firm as a rock in the ocean, "tranquil amidst the raging billows:"

There is one aspect in the life of the Prince of Orange that makes it a grand, a profitable study. His was a life of growth. There was a gradual, a constant development from a timid, retiring youth to the most dauntless hero and sagacious statesman of his age.

Ambition and selfishness have made many a hero. Love for humanity and devotion to country made the Prince of Orange a protector to his people and a terror to his foes.

Ambition had no allurements for him. A prince, rich, powerful, noble and generous, his friends loved him. He had no enemies schooled in the luxury and refinement of the court. Petted, praised and flattered by the emperor, Charles the V.; made his intimate friend and constant companion; entrusted with the secrets of the government; often selected because of his keenness and sagacity for important missions; appointed general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier at the early age of twenty-one in preference to many a well tried soldier; from all sides ambition was beckoning to him. Visions of fame and power were passing in panoramic succession before him. He heeded them not. He saw the Netherlands shrouded in superstition and bigotry; burdened by a foreign soldiery; ruled by a heartless tyrant.

He saw that tremendous and horrible instrument of death and destruction, the Spanish Inquisition, sweeping over the land with more fury than a pestilence. He heard the cries of martyrs burning at the stake. He witnessed the tortures of the rack. He saw the scaffold, red with the blood of innocent men and women. These horrible, revolting massacres decided his course.

He resolved to dedicate himself, his time and his fortune in freeing his people and making his country a nation on the face of the earth. His friend, Charles the V. had abdicated the throne. Philip the II. of Spain possessed the Netherlands. A great epoch in the history of the world now begins. The powerful empire of Charles had nearly smothered liberty, both civil and religious. A few sparks remained here and there in Holland. These the patriotism of the Prince of Orange fanned into a flame. It grew, increased, saved Holland, civilized England, crossed the Atlantic in the May Flower, and made us a free and enlightened people.

The terrible struggle, the undying patriotism, and unparalleled suffering through which this remarkable man and his people passed are known and are familiar to all who read history and admire patriotism.

It is not necessary to mention the siege of Leyden or the massacre of St. Bartholamew. But let us recall one scene in the life of the prince which illustrates the determined character of the man. The various provinces of the Netherlands were wrested from him. Holland alone remained. His friends constantly reminded him of the inevitable destruction which hung over the provinces and asked him whether he did not realize that his country was ruined. The brave Prince replied "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin. I will die in the last ditch." The assassin did his work.

The prince died. But Holland lived. The spirit of her brave and faithful son still hovered over her; it instilled enthusiasm and patriotism into many a despondent heart; it was present with them in battle; it presided at their councils; it made Holland a nation that continued to grow and increase her power until she dictated her authority to the once proud empire that had resolved to crush her.

Many men are called great. The Prince of Orange was great. Though unsuccessful in battle no one ever doubted his military genius. History proudly affirms that he was second to no soldier of his age. In political controversy his prudence and knowledge of human nature was as remarkable and prominent as his skill and courage as a soldier. He knew, he understood men. The historian says "he governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and cords of one vast instrument and his hand never failed to work harmony even out of the wildest storms." But more than all, his character as a religious man, brightens the pages of history.

In the darkest hours he never lost confidence in himself or his unfailing trust in God.

In studying a great historical character, like this, one realizes more and more the truth of the remark that all history easily resolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest men. Seperate the biography of the Prince of Orange from the history of the Dutch Republic and there would be no history, for there would have been no Republic.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

What fiends these upper class men are!
In privacy to mutilate
The wandering minstrels of the night,
Our feline friends that mew till late.

When sparkling wine like water flows,
Where brilliant gas lamps scintillate,
They smile, more ways than one, forsooth,
And quite regardless sin till late.

At choir rehearsal, when the moon's
Bright beams o'er snow drifts coruscate,
They come to escort Kitty home
And spoon right well o'er chorus Kate.

Should some kind friend, to Kitty's pa,
Your private life communicate,
That stalwart gent would doubtless say
"I'll break your head, come you nigh Kate."

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., FEBRUARY, 1881.

EDITORS:

J. C. HARVEY, '81, *Editor-in-Chief.*

F. S. JUNE, '81, F. A. WALKER, '82,
J. L. BARTON, '81, F. A. BROWN, '82.
H. B. BOICE, '81, C. G. LEAVENWORTH, '82.

TERMS:

ONE COLLEGE YEAR, - - - - - - $1 00
SINGLE COPIES, - - - - - - - - - 12

Address all communications to THE UNDERGRADUATE, Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Printed by The Journal Printing Co., Middlebury, Vt.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Page.

LITERARY:

Apollo Belvedere (poem) 65
W. W. GAY, '76.

Moral Qualifications 65

The Prince of Orange 67
F. S. JUNE, '81.

The Undergraduate 68

EDITORIALS, &C., &C.: 69
Making a Debut 70
Town and Campus 72
Reviews and Notices 74
Communication 75
Personals 75
Exchanges 76
College Notes 77
Mlle Anne 78
Ann 78
Plunder 78
Advertisements 79–80

EDITORIAL.

SEVERAL ominous remarks of late, have led the students to infer that the twenty demerit warning has been forgotten.

If this is the case we trust the Faculty will not act at variance with their own printed regulations. If the absences of any student have accumulated more than twenty demerits we trust that the warning may be sent in and the accumulation go on from that point. This would be the only fair adjustment, since the document in which the warning was promised was prepared by the Faculty and not by the students.

EVERY one is familiar with the story of the two men and the donkey—and the principle of it would apply well among those college papers whose editors attempt to bring out their papers according to the suggestions of the exchanges. Some advocate the omission of the literary department, others dislike the exchange column, some complain that the column of humor becomes very stale after running the rounds of the college press, and another will wail in anguish of spirit because a bit of poetry creeps in.

In this dilemma we are led to exclaim "Shall we displease you a little or shall we cease to exist" for it must be one or the other. Probably the editors of each paper find out after a few issues what pleases best, by the comments made among their subscribers, and are therefore the ones to decide what shall be the tone of their publication. We are willing to cater to the tastes of our patrons if they will let us know wherein we lack. If any department seems neglected they have but to say so and then co-operate with us.

WE receive an occasional letter saying that the paper does not arrive regularly. Subscribers should send the old as well as the new address when changes are to be made. We have a few copies of the last four numbers on hand and those who have not received them can do so by sending order with postage to this office.

THE article in our last issue credited to Mr. Barton of '81 should have been credited to Mr. Griswold of '80. We will be candid, for once, and exonerate the printer, but the real author of the mistake is yet to be discovered. When disputants boil their arguments down to the emphatic statements "You did" and "You didn't"

the conclusion is apt to get a little mixed. If Mr. Griswold will forgive us we will try to appease Mr. Barton.

THIS is a religious not a political institution. The committee sent to request that the *legal* holiday, Feb. 22, might be given to us, thoroughly understand this fact now. Washington's Birthday does n't amount to anything. He 's dead now. A day of prayer will be readily granted, but anything like the birthday of an old president is too secular, too much of the earth, earthy, to merit attention. Other colleges observe the day, but we are different. We are more spiritual minded here. Let us forget that our country ever had a father and in case we are reminded of it by a visit to Mt. Vernon, let us burst into tears at the door of the ice house as Hank White's friend did. Should a holiday be desired to catch up in the manifold duties which our college is not at all backward in demanding of us and which must be attended to, outside of study hours, don't pick out the birthday of so unimportant a personage as George Washington. Dive into the necrology and find the ordination of some old, congregational minister, who lived in the wilds of Ripton; whose orthodoxy was never questioned, because nobody ever heard of him; ask to celebrate his memory and the holiday is yours.

WE had hoped that under the new administration, upper classmen might not be compelled to account for every shortcoming in their attendance at recitations, but our hopes were vain.

No matter how thoroughly a student may understand his text books; no matter how well he may pass his examinations; unless he can satisfactorily account for every absence, down comes his standing. In our exchanges we find much discussion of the marking system, and it is but the echo of what we feel here, that it is a fraud, a snare and a delusion, depending chiefly upon the whims of Professors and the state of their digestive organs. We fail to see the justice in subtracting a man's irregularities from his term marks and calling, the result his intellectual ability.

Some students have, unavoidably, more outside work than others; work that is perhaps fully as beneficial and far more remunerative, yet these students must particularize the why and wherefore of every absence or be content with a position at the foot of the class. Here in Middlebury we are not allowed to see the marks, but our friends outside the college can examine them to their hearts content.

Beware! young men, Beware! lest admiring ages scan those precious manuscripts and find you enrolled as fool, because you chose to exchange a few recitations in some dry science for a generous slice of that well loved medium of exchange in our beloved country, the mighty dollar.

MAKING A DEBUT.

My father's doctrine was, that no young man should enter society till of the age and in the circumstances to seek a wife. It was a waste of time and means at best, and therefore should be put off as long as possible. That is the reason I had never been in society before my 28th year. At this age the conditions laid down by my father being fulfilled, I longed for an opportunity to make my *debut*. The long wished for opportunity came at length in the form of a surprise party to Miss Arabella Kent, the belle of the place who, like most articles of that name, did not lack brass and tongue. Capable judges who had sounded her said she had the true society ring. A week before the time, Miss Matilda Myers, a grammar school girl, was in receipt of a note from me requesting the pleasure of her company to the party.

The arrangement was that we should all reach the house at the same time, to make the surprise complete. My preliminaries were gone through with in such haste, lest I should be late,

that Matilda and I found ourselves on Mr. Kent's door steps sometime before the appointed hour and consequently alone. There was no alternative pull now but to the door bell. Miss Arabella answered the summons, attired in her Sunday best. She bowed, "was so glad to see us;" we "could not imagine the exquisite pleasure that this "unexpected and informal call" gave her. I felt constrained to reply to so polite a greeting so I innocently stammered out that she was "welcome." The aroma of coffee, as well as the whisper that the ice cream was too highly seasoned, were wafted into the hall from the kitchen through the partially opened door. Feeling a duty to say something and not knowing what else to say I thoughtlessly expressed astonishment at our failure to connect with the rest of the party. "The cat was out of the bag." Arabella eagerly cried "What does this mean? the rest of the party?" It was an embarrassing moment. However, Arabella allowed herself to be convinced by Matilda that there were no more coming, to our knowledge. Presently the hall bell rang again. The next moment we heard Arabella's "what does this mean?" followed by expressions of "delight" and "pleasure" at such an "unexpected" visit, and the company must "excuse the family's total lack of preparation for anything of the kind, as they "had n't the faintest idea of such a thing."

As old Mr. Kent was pretty rigid in his religion, games and dancing were no more to be thought of in his house than in a church, so there was nothing to be done but to engage in conversation *a la* good society. My practical acquaintance with society was limited, as I said at the outset, but I had been told that it was impolite to introduce deep philosophical questions as subjects of conversation in good society, as also to mention the connections of any one present, except in a complimentary manner. As I had never been at college there was no danger of my transgressing the first rule, so I had only to guard lest I should violate the second.

When all were seated I ventured on a general conversation, on general topics, in a general sort of way—*a la* good society. I began by observing to Matilda that it was a cold day. She replied giggling, that it was. After a long pause, I said that it was colder than yesterday. She replied, giggling again, that it was. After another embarrassing pause I observed that we were having much cold weather this winter. She replied with the accompanying giggle that we were. The weather was exhausted. I scanned the room for a fit subject to talk about. My eyes rested on a doll, on the mantel-piece. Attracting Matilda's attention to the object by keeping my eyes fixed upon it, I remarked that dolls were cute little things. She replied, giggling, that they were. After a very long pause, I took up the thread again and observed that little girls were very fond of dolls. Matilda concurred, with another giggle. The next painful pause was interrupted by Arabella's begging the company to step into the dining room and partake of a few refreshments; at the same time pleading the nature of the party in excuse for the scantiness of the preparation. As we entered the dining-hall, there lay before us (what I suppose would have been the ordinary family supper if this "unexpected" party had not come in to eat it) a table covered with every delicacy, from fancy little sandwiches to Florida oranges, surrounded with a profusion of flowers. After elbowing every chair that I passed out of place, and after bringing the lady friend ahead of us to two or three abrupt stand stills, by not making due allowrnce for the extra length of society dresses, I reached my place.

A very fat, red-faced old gentleman, so fat that a line from his eye tangent to his bosom would strike the floor three feet in front of his toes, appeared at the head of the table, smiled on the company and said grace. Hoping to bring something like a shadow of a natural expression into our faces by provoking a genuine smile at least, I whispered to Matilda that the

old gentleman was considerable of a bloat. She blushed scarlet. Aside from the indelicacy of the joke I was informed by a little note passed behind the chairs, from J., occupying the second seat to the right, that the fat old gentleman was no other than Matilda's uncle and our host and to be careful, for I was making a fool of myself. By way of giving Matilda time to recover from her embarrassment and to conceal the mortification I felt at J.'s rebuke, I turned my attention to Miss Adams at my left, and apologizing for the interruption, propounded this conundrum to her—"Why are Mr. Ebens', the Baptist minister's sermons like an aqueduct?" She answered interrogativly,, "Because they conveyed the the water (of life) to thirsty souls." I replied, "No; Because they are long and hollow." More scarlet on our left. As I learned the next day, the edge of my wit had again struck a family tie—a sister and brother by marriage this time.

After this last unfortunate sally I resolved to be especially guarded in my conversation and behavior and make the company forget my past blunders, if possible. For a time things went on as smoothly as was consistent with the circumstances. Small mouthfuls were masticated in the intervals of much smaller talk. I had been on the alert all the evening for an opportunity to display a little gallantry. Fortune smiled on me at last. I noticed that Matilda was without butter. I begged her to allow me to help her to some. I grasped the butter-knife with a trembling hand, and, with a nervous, misdirected thrust, sent the elegant print, hard as Pharaoh's heart, off the plate and against the cream-pitcher, upsetting the same. Wishing to preserve the butter from deteriorating, by going back into that from whence it had come, I ran the knife under it quickly, balancing it on that instrument with my fingers until it could reach a broader foundation. A suppressed giggle could be heard all around the table. I relied on my wit once more, hoping to turn the distressing laugh in my favor—so I said that the butter like a squint-eyed person, had the habit of glancing sideways. Perfect silence. Attention was divided between me and some one at the lower end of the table. There sat Miss Tombs passing grapes between her livid lips, with trembling fingers and both her eyes staring right at each other through the bridge of her nose.

I was by this time so inured to chagrin, that no extra blood mounted to my cheeks, even if there had been room for more.

Time and space will not allow me to enumerate the blunders of the retreat or to give the details of the quickening conversation between that and the hour of departure. The sensations of that hour will be to me the criterion of relief for evermore.

We went away—not as we came—with the rest. At the door were standing Arabella and her mother and her father—the fat gentleman.—They apologized once more for having treated us to "such an impromptu repast, but it could n't have been otherwise from the nature of the case," hoped we had enjoyed ourselves. We replied that we had "exquisitely" and hoped "Miss Arabella might live to see many a birth day."

After reaching my room I wrote a detailed account of my first (as well as my last) appearance in society, and underneath over two heavy black lines "Vanitas Vanitatum." It would be almost superfluous to say that I am still unmarried and will always remain so, if I have to run the gauntlet of society for a wife.

CYMRO.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Junior exhibition, April 5th.

The reading room is universally patronized by the students.

There was no suspension of business on Washington's birth day.

The gymnasium furnishes the usual amount of lameness and sore muscles.

The same old annual question naturally arises, The Ram, "To be or not to be?"

The Freshmen have "spoken in public on the stage" and did it better than the average class.

There is no use in attempting to make an impression by arguing patriotism. Not much of that taken here.

The preparations for Junior Ex. appear to be quite extensive and expensive, for we have seen several Juniors at the tailor's.

The Prof. thinks one of the Juniors spends more time in selecting quotations for his orations than he does in thinking about them.

Prof.: "Society at this period was like a man groping in the dark. What was to be done?" Senior, (sotto voce): "Strike a match."

The Congregational church and society gave the Rev. H. P. Putnam of Charlotte a call but it was declined, owing to ill health.

No one attempts to get to the college after dark if he is unable to walk a crack. He knows better from his experience during the day.

Our alumni will be grieved to learn the death of Dr. Zaccheus Bass, who was well known to the students for a good many years. He died on the 15th inst.

C. S. Murkland and C. B. F. Palmer were sent by the Chi Psi Society as delegates to their annual convention held in New York city the 22d and 23d of this month.

Prof. Parker has been confined to his house for sometime with quite a severe illness, but is now slowly improving. The classes have, for a part of the time, met him in his study.

Prof. of elocution, to Junior who had just rehearsed his oration with a good deal of eloquence and splurge: "That is pretty good, but it would add much to the piece if you could work in two or three quotations somewhere."

Our popular physician, F. W. Halsey, and Miss Lizzie M. Chapman were married at the residence of the bride's father on the 14th inst. They are to remain in town. We wish them all the happiness that life can afford.

How doth the campus editor go round with weary look, to see if he can find somewhere, a fact or joke to book. The facts he finds are out of date; in point, the jokes are bare, and so through stern necessity he gives up in despair.

Prof.: When the crusaders returned from the East they brought with them the art of printing, the compass and gunpowder. Don't these have force even to the present day?" Senior: "I should think they did, especially the gunpowder."

Junior exhibition has been announced to be given on the 29th of March, but owing to a three weeks' vacation in the winter instead of two, the exhibition will be on the 5th of April. The class is making an effort to give an interesting entertainment.

9 multiplied by 7 and the product divided by 11 gives a quotient of only 5 and a fraction. Those whose absences from recitation are not all excused may find it to their advantage to investigate the above figures. It is simple mathematics, but its results—?—! !—?—

The whitening material, which was put upon the walls of the chapel building during last summer, is a nuisance. It easily rubs off upon whatever comes in contact with it, and as contact cannot always be avoided, our clothing suffers. Something should be done to remedy this.

He draws a pile of dusty books,
  Enough a saint to vex,
And cribs and sucks and sucks and cribs
  A thing for Junior Ex.

While destitute of book or page
  From which a thought to cram,
The gentle Soph, with diligence,
  Originates a Ram.

A plan was projected by Messrs. Stafford and Stewart to give the people of Middlebury the opportunity of listening to the Swedish Quartette combination, and nearly three hundred tickets were pledged, but before arrangements were completed the quartette disbanded; and we were denied a great treat in the line of music.

The press work of "Middlebury College and its surroundings" by J. C. Harvey, '81, will be done at R. M. Bailey's steam printing establishment. The success it has met with is very encouraging and the volume will be bound in full morocco instead of half as advertised. The binding is to be done at Springfield by a firm which makes a specialty of such works, and will be a very desirable *souvenir* of the college and town. Subscriptions have been received from many alumni of the college and more are expected. The books will be out probably, early in

March, after which time the price will be $5.00 per copy. We have seen the views from the photographer and can recommend it to all. Our name is down for one and several of our frieuds for two.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March has generous installments of the serial stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Henry James, Jr. Perhaps the most noteworthy paper in the number, and one that ought to be read by every good American citizen, is the "Story of a Great Monopoly." Mr. Grant Allen, who is well known as an English writer on philosophical subjects, contributes an article on "The Genesis of Genius." Another paper that will be read with general interest is "The End of the War," by Theodore Bacon. Katharine Carrington furnishes a short story called "The Eleventh Hour." Richard Grant White this time writes "Random Recollections of England." The number contains poems by Dr. Holmes, Rose Terry Cooke, Francis L. Mace, and Maurice Thompson. An article on "New York Theatres" will attract no little attention. Another essay by William M. Rossetti on "The Wives of Poets," reviews of recent books, a diversified "Contributors Club," and a running classified account of the books of the month, conclude an excellent number of this sterling magazine.

THE MARCH ST. NICHOLAS. (Ready February 25th.)The most striking things in the March St. Nicholas are Mrs. Oliphant's admirable paper giving the touching story of "Lady Jane Grey" (to be followed in April by the companion article on "Mary, Queen of Scots"); an illustrated account of two sturdy Icelandic boys and their desperate "Encounter with a Polar Bear"; "Mary Jane Describes Herself," and illustrated autobiography of a Sunday-school scholar; a new scientific in-door amusement called "The Magic Dance"; an incident of Adelina Patti's childhood, when travelling in the United States, in 1854, with Ole Bull and Maurice Strakosch; and the four serials,—the fourth installment of Rossiter Johnson's story of "Phaeton Rogers," in which is described that young inventor's disastrous "horizontal baloon-assention"; Dr. Oswald's stirring "Adventures in Nature's Wonderland"; Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's second paper of "Stories of Art and Artists," with six pictures; and the anonymous "Mystery in a Mansion: a Story of an S. S." There are more than fifty illustrations, a page of music, and an Anglo-Chinese story for the boys and girls to interpret.

SCRIBNER FOR MARCH has a number of interesting points. The second part of Mrs. Burnett's piquant novelette, "A Fair Barbarian," will be eagerly read by those who have read the first part, and will be found even more interesting. "Ericsson's *Destroyer*, and her New Gun," is the subject of a paper, by Mr. Charles Barnard. In "Musical Possibilities of America," Mr. Theodore Thomas writes practically of vocal and instrumental culture, church and theatre music, bad and good methods of teaching, and of American violins. Never-before-engraved portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb, from old paintings, embellish a short paper by Mr. John Arbuckle. "In London with Dickens" is a chronicle of the localities of Boz, including Mr. Tulkinghorn's house, Limehouse Hole, Jenny Wren's house, the Inns of Court, etc. Still further variety is given to the number by a second paper of "Recollections of American Society;" by Mrs. S. W. Oakley; an illustaated paper on "Striped Bass," by Mr. Francis Endicott; an account of "Protestantism in Italy," by Rev. Washington Gladden; more "Notes of a Walker," including discussion of Shakspere's natural history, by John Burroughs; "A Dangerous Virtue," a striking short story, by Mr. H. H. Boyesen; the fifth part of Mr. Schuyler's "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," and the concluding paper of "Glimpses of Parisian Art." Among the poems there is a sonnet ("Two Homes") by Dr. Holland, who, in "Topics of the Time," writes of

"George Eliot" and "The Metropolitan Museum," and takes note of Bishops Coxe's exception to part of a recent paper in Scribner on the Bible Society. "Home and Society" treats of "A Mother's duty to her Girls," "A New Cooking-Stove," and "Servants' Rooms and Quarters." "The World's Work" deals with "Artificial Ballast," "Power for Pleasure-Boats," "Optical Tests for Milk," etc., and "Bric-a-Brac" has humor and pleasantry of its own well-established kind.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

Will you allow me sufficient space in your columns to caution the students of Middlebury College and in fact all of the students of the colleges with whom you exchange, against dealing with a Mr. A. S. Clark, bookseller on Nassau St., N. Y.

What his reputation is, as a business man, I cannot say, but from painful experience I am able to state that like the Heathen Chinee,

"For ways that are dark"

This strange Mr. Clark is peculiar. I sent him a small library to be exchanged for college text books and though I gave him a list of some twelve or fifteen books, which were on his catalogue, was unable to get any satisfactory return. He keeps up appearances very well with a series of ambiguous postal cards, from which it would be impossible for a Philadelphia lawyer to decipher his intentions, but the substantial evidence of integrity is sadly lacking. I would also suggest to any who are at present playing the *role* of victim that all letters to the firm be couched in the most delicate language or he will wither them, as he did me, with a biting, stinging, sarcastic epistle like the one which is at present on exhibition at my room for the benefit of students in rhetoric.

On attempting to recover certain books which were comparatively new, offering to pay twice the amount allowed by him, I was solemnly assured that they had been sold for old paper at two cents per pound.

Feeling better disposed toward fellow students than toward Mr. Clark, I send these few words of warning.

H.

PERSONALS.

'18. Dr. William Patton, formerly of the corporation of this college, died at New Haven, Conn., September 9th. See vol. V. p. 12.

'29. Dr. Zaccheus Bass, who received the degree of M. D. at this college in 1829, died at his home in this place, February 15, in the 90th year of his age.

Prof. W. C. Fowler who recently died at his home, in Durham, Conn., was for several years professor in Middlebury College. He was son-in-law of Noah Webster, and editor of the University edition of Webster's dictionary in 1845, author of a treatise on English language and several literary and historical works. He was a member of the Connecticut Senate in 1864.

'45. C. H. Phelps, delivered a speech at the reunion of the Vermonters of Iowa, recently held at Des Moines.

'48. Sumner Albee is a member of the Massachusets legislature. He is chairman of committee on elections.

'57. Stephen Knowlton, pastor of the Congregational church at New Haven, (Vt.) tendered his resignation which was not accepted.

'61. Married, at Colorado Springs, (Col.) Jan. 20th, Capt. L. E. Sherman, to Miss Louise B. Gould.

'63. F. G. Butterfield, who supervised the late recount held in South Carolina, reports that the former census were entirely correct.

'64. J. K. Batchelder, of Arlington, was present at the last session of the Supreme Court, held at Middlebury.

'71. Prof. C. W. Hall, of the University of Minn. read a paper on the origin of meteorites before a meeting of scientists last month.

'72. H. M. Ladd sailed for Europe per City of Berlin, on the 12th inst., to take charge of

the business of the American Missionary Association.

,75. '76: C. M. Wilds and Edward Dana have been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court.

'77. W. H. Newell is a member of the firm of Morse & Newell, attorneys-at-law, Wakeny, Kansas.

'77. H. P. Stimson has left Sutherland Falls. and is at present at his home in Ludlow. He expects to go west soon.

'77. Dr. C. B. Warner, formerly of this paper, was married January 5th to Miss Lillian F. Severance of Middlebury.

'79. E. C. Evans has made the town a very brief visit. We trust he will excuse us for not spelling the entire name.

'80. H. R. Dorr published a poem in the March number of Harper's on Richard Henry Stoddard, which is very highly spoken of by the critics.

'80. F. A. Parker is teaching in Illinois.

'83. Felt is still detained at home by sickness.

EXCHANGES.

As far as locals and editorials go in making up a college paper, the College Argus is excellent.

We always read the News Letter. There is a good deal to it. The editors do their work well. We wish we could say this of all college papers.

The Reveille gives more good substantial reading matter than any other college paper of its size. Considerable space is devoted to literary work. Several good essays appear in each issue. These are brief and as far as we have noticed carefully written. It would greatly add to the success of the paper if the editorials received more attention. The exchanges are treated in a lively manner and with a spirit of fair criticism.

"Versatility or Profundity" is the opening article in the Vassar for January. The pleasing style with which it is written together with the skillful treatment of the subject at once claim the reader's attention. It is by far the best essay of this issue. Wo were pleasantly entertained by reading the article under the heading "De Temporibus et Moribus." The frankness with which the edi or's Table is conducted is commendable.

The William Athenæum for January 29 is now under consideration. The literary department is, as usual, poor. The editorials are treated with marked attention and add considerably to the interest of this issue. We are glad to notice that the exchange columns are made of so much prominence The criticisms are good, and we like the editor's idea of giving quotations. With a good literary department the Athenæum would be among the best of college periodicals.

We would like to spend two hours in examining the Nassau Lit., but we have just about ten minutes. From the table of contents we select for future reading the following: "Theistic Controversy of the Eighteenth Century," "George Eliot," and "The Misanthrope of Moliere." We turn to the editorials. The editor commences thus: "This is a reform number." As we read on we are convinced that he means just what he says. We like editorials of this stamp. They show independence and a desire to see 'fair play.' We hope soon to hear that a reform is in progress at Princeton.

The Colby Echo for February is here. The editorials first attracted our attention· They are excellent. We quote from the last the following: "Books are the accumulated capital of the ages, bequeathed to us not to be despised, not to be hoarded, but to be used. The importance of forming correct habits of reading while in college cannot be overestimated. Few will have the inclination, few will have the time, few will have the means to acquire these habits after leaving college unless they begin here." "The Moral End of Poetry" deserves a careful reading. It is a thoughtful article. The witer understood his subject.

The last two numbers of the Oberlin Review are exceptionally good. The literary articles are somewhat long, yet they are so admirably written that we willingly pardon their len th. Rarely do we meet with articles in college papers containing so much that is truly instructive and suggestive as we found in reading the articles "Henry the VIII., in Human Progress;" and "Macbeth, as a Treatise on Conscience." The writer in the "Hero of Saratoga" gives a just treatment of the character of Arnold. The Review has a witty and keen exchange editor. He rarely fails to make his columns lively and entertaining. The editorials are fair.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Ninety-six colleges report Y. M. C. Associations.

Lawn teunis is becoming popular at meny of the colleges.

Columbia has abolished all her money prizes, amounting to $700.

Harvard is to hold examinations at San Francisco next summer.—*Yale News.*

251,625 is the number of bound volumes in the Harvard libraries.—*Berkeleyan.*

One hundred and seventy colleges in tbe United States admit both sexes as students.

President Porter of Yale is to lecture at the Concord School of Philosophy next year.—*Ex.*

Yale is to have no more Sunday morning chapel, and there is rejoicing accordingly.—*Ex.*

The privileges of the Harvard library have been taken away from the ladies of the Annex.—*Ex.*

Oxford has suspended 80 students who were concerned in locking some ef the college officers in a room.

Prof. in History: "What can you tell us of Commodus?" Junior: (with composure) "He died."—*Beacon.*

The money which built Columbia College, was raised by a lottery for that purpose, during the years 1744–54.

It costs $142,000 a year to run Michigan University, $100,000 of which is paid to the professors.—*Vidette.*

The whole of the Senior class at Madison University has left college on account of some trouble abont their studies.---*Chronicle.*

Now that the Harvard Lampoon is no more, the St. Louis Student Life and the Columbia Spectator are the only two college illustrated papers in the country.

At Vassar a committee has been appointed to compile a song book, and a tax of two cents a week is levied on each member of the Senior class to supply the parlor with flowers.

Syracuse University is anxious to resume the old plan of having orations by the under-graduates at commencement. For the past two years it has invited some orator from abroad to deliver an oration.

The Yale Alumni of New York held a jubilee in that city recently. Some of the men were dressed to represent the peculiarities of the Faculty. Dignified lawyers and doctors participated in this festival of fun.

It is high time to rise up against the tyranny of the so-called "weaker sex." Co-education is the order of the day. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and—*Vassar must* admit boys. —*Ex.*

Lord Lorne has offered a gold and silver medal for competitien by the third and second year students, respectively, of Toronto University. The prizes are for general, and not for special proficiency.—*Ex.*

Eton College, England, recently added to its buildings a factory, where the studeuts may acquire a practical knowlege of tools, so that they mry learn to drive a nail in a pine board without mashing their fingers.

Suspicions of foul play have arisen in regard to four gentlemen missing from eighty-four. It is feared the faculty have poisoned them for purposes of their own. We are not quite sure of the nature of this fell deed, but when our reporter applied his ear to the keyhole, he heard something about a "drop," and concluded it must refer to the amount of poison. The public will excuse the lack of more positive information, but the keyhole was very small.—*Williams Ath.*

The students of University College, Toronto, Canada, have just heard of the new "Racquet" dance. The *'Varsity* patriarch says that all the information he can get about it so far is "that you grab your partner round the waist, glue her to your manly shirt-front, then both whirl teetotum-wise till further orders. The dance is said to contain more hugging than the waltz, and more exercise than the Scotch reel." They evidently do some queer dancing up North.—*Wash. Jeff.*

The best records at Yale, on the 20th of last month, were the following: Hundred yards dash, 10 1-2 seconds: putting shot, 28 feet 3 inches; mile run, 5 minutes 17 seconds; long jump, 9 feet 5 1-2 inches; running high jump, 5 feet 1-2 inch; mile walk, 8 minutes 26 1-4 seconds; half mile run, 2 minutes 17 1-4 seconds; throwing the hammer, 80 feet 8 inches; pole vaulting, height, 8 feef 2 inches; quarter mile run, 57 1-4

seconds; kicking the foot ball, 141 feet 2 inches; bicycle race, one mile, 3 minutes 33 1-2 seconds; three-legged race, 12 1-2 seconds; tug-of-war, between '81 and '83, won by '81 in 2 minutes 44 seconds. There was also a lawn tennis tournament.

MLLE ANNE.

I

O, she wears a seal-skin sacque,
When it snows;
And her stunning suit is black
As a crow's;
Short,—and thinks it is a pity;
Charming, jolly, wise and witty;
Has a *retrousse*—so pretty—
Little nose,

II

In her basket phæton,
When it blows,
With her striking glass on,
Out she goes,
And she's just as sweet as stately,
As she sits there so sedately,
With her cheeks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

III

She plays Chopin, Liszt, and Spohr,
For her beaux;
And she speaks of "Pinafore"—
Heaven knows!—
With a naughty "D" and "Never!"
But she's awful nice and clever;
If she liked me, I'd endeavor
To propose.

—*Acta Columbiana.*

ANN.

I

Could you see her though, at home,
You would stare,
When she hasn't used a comb
On her hair,
You would start and say "By thunder!
What a stupid, silly blunder!
Why, she isn't such a wonder,
I declare!"

II

"And the nose, so very cute,
Retrousse,
Doesn't seem so well to suit
Me to-day,
It's a *pug* as I'm a sinner!
I'm so glad I didn't win her,
For a bang up little dinner
I will pay."

III

"But the heart I laid before her,
Isn't broke,
Though I said I could adore her
'Twas a joke,
And if you'll forget to mention
That I paid her some attention,
I'll retire you on a pension,
Do you smoke?"

J. C. H.

PLUNDER.

Argument against co-education: the annex has the measles.—*Harvard Crimson.*

A literary student is anxious to know if Geore Eliot left a wife and children.—*Brunoniau.*

"No dlinkee, no dlunkee," responded a heathen Chinee on being invited to take a nip.—*Ex.*

Don't swear when you step on the icy sidewalk. Think of a little prayer instead. "Now I lame me," for instance.

A wicked Yale paper says Bernhardt's stockings were filled Christmas, one with a slate pencil and the other with a stick of candy.

Her lips were like the leaves, he said,
By autumn's crimson tinted:
"Some people autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them," she hinted.

"Mary Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire we might have some heat in the room," And they hadn't been married many years, either.

Prof.: "What does this argue as to the life of this period?" Senior: "I don't know."I—er—I should think it was a strong argument. Prof.: "For what?" Senior: "I don't know."—*Yale Courant.*

Vassar Soph., sacastically, to Rutgers Senior: "Does The Targum devote all its space to literary matter?"

R. S.—No, Miss. It devotes some space to the Vassar Miscellany.—*Rutgers Taryum.*

"Late to bed and early to rise weakens the stomach, the brain and the eyes."—*Prof. Wilder in "Health Notes."*

"Early to ryes and late to bed makes a man's nose a cardinal red."—*Ex.*

Prof.—Now, Mr.——, how many roots has the equation?"

"S.—Three, sir."

Prof.—"How do you know!"

S.—"Because you gave me one and told me to 'find the other two."

"Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions can not make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight."—*Gen. Garfield.*

A little girl seven years old was taken to the theatre the other night for the first time. During the performance an infant who had been asleep, awoke and began to cry and make a great disturbance. "Oh, papa," said the little girl, "that *must* be a Harvard freshman." [Fact.—*Echo.*

A PARODY.

Maud Muller on a winter's day,
Went out on the ice to play.

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks
Of red banged hair, and her crimson socks.

She straddled about from ten till two,
And then a hole in the ice fell through.

At the bottom of the pond she sat,
As wet and as mad as a half-drowned rat.

A man with a hickory pole went there,
And fished her out with her auburn hair,

And her mother is said to have thumped her well,
Though just how hard Miss Maud won't tell.

And hung her over a stove pipe to dry,
With a thumb in her mouth and fist in her eye.

Alas! for the maiden; alas! for the hole,
And 'rah for the man with a hickory pole.

—*Ex.*

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

STUDENTS

DESIRING EMPLOYMENT. FOR SEASON OF 1881.

At Summer Resorts,

Enclose 1c. stamp. and write for circular, to

THE MANHATTAN AGENCY,

733 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Please mention this paper.

STAR SHAVING ROOMS!

NORTH END OF BRIDGE.

Students and the public generally will find here first class work. A mug and brush furnished for every regular customer free of charge.

HOT & COLD BATHS

AT ALL HOURS.

BEEMAN ACADEMY,

NEW HAVEN, VT.

C. C. GOVE, A. M., *Principal.* *Miss HELEN A. BUXTON,* *Preceptress.*

Miss EMMA L. HIGLEY, Teacher of Music.

This institution, founded on a secure financial basis and located in a community noted for its good morals, affords, at much less than the usual expense, superior advantages to young persons desiring to prepare for college, for teaching, or the practical duties of life.

Parents seeking to place their sons and daughters in a school of high grade, whose surroundings are pure and elevating, are invited to consider the claims of Beeman Academy. Send for Catalogue.

S. B. M. COWLES, Pres.

A. M. ROSCOE, Sec.

A. P. TUPPER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery,

No. 2, Tupper's Block, Middlebury, Vt.

MONEY SAVED BY GETTING

Your Job Printing

DONE at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

T. M. CHAPMAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Middlebury, Vt.

L. E. MELLEN, D. D. S.

DENTIST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered.

Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M. Office, Buttolph's Block.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. H. KINGSLEY,

Dentist,

Up Stairs in Styles' New Block, Middlebury.

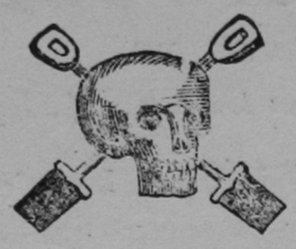
H. W. BREWSTER,

Dealer in

Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware,

All Kinds of Repairing Done at Short Notice.

Brewster'S Block.



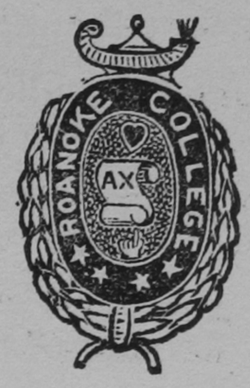
JNO. F. LUTHER,

Manufacturing Jeweler,

79 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Manufacturer of

BADGES AND MEDALS,



In Gold, Enamel, and Precious Stones,

RINGS, STUDS, BUTTONS KEYS, CHARMS, &c.

The following Society Pins on hand and made to order:

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON, PSI UPSILON, DELTA KAPPA, PHI DELTA PHI, ZETA PSI, DELTA UPSILON, DELTA PHI, ALPHA SIGMA CHI, THETA DELTA CHI, ALPHI DELTA PHI, PHI KAPPA PSI Also, PHI SIGMA KAPPA, KAPPA ALPHA and PHI BETTA KAPPA KEYS.

In fact, it is unnessary to particularize, for there is no Badge or Medal which cannot be furnished at this establishment.

S. E. MEEKIN'S,

Shaving & Hair Cutting Rooms,

No. 2 Union Block, South End of Bridge,

Is the place to get shaved. A clean towel for every customer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call.

HYDE & GALVIN,

Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Workers,

FURNACE WORK AND PLUMBING

Done in the best possible manner. All work warranted.

A. J. MARSHAL,

DEALER IN

COAL.

OFFICE:—FREIGHT DEPOT.

Germania Band, of Boston.

As Military Band, Grand or Small Orchestra, for Parades, Concerts, Commencement Exercises, Serenades, Wedding Parties,

And on all occasions where Music is required.

W. C. NICHOLS, Agent, Office 32 Court St., Boston.

PIERCE HOUSE,

COURT STREET, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

F. W. PIERCE, - - Proprietor.

☞ Prices moderate. A good stable connected with the House, and Livery furnished when requested.

Free Carriage to the Depot.

ATWOOD'S

Photographic Studio,

Bacon's Block. Church Street,

BURLINGTON, - - VERMONT.